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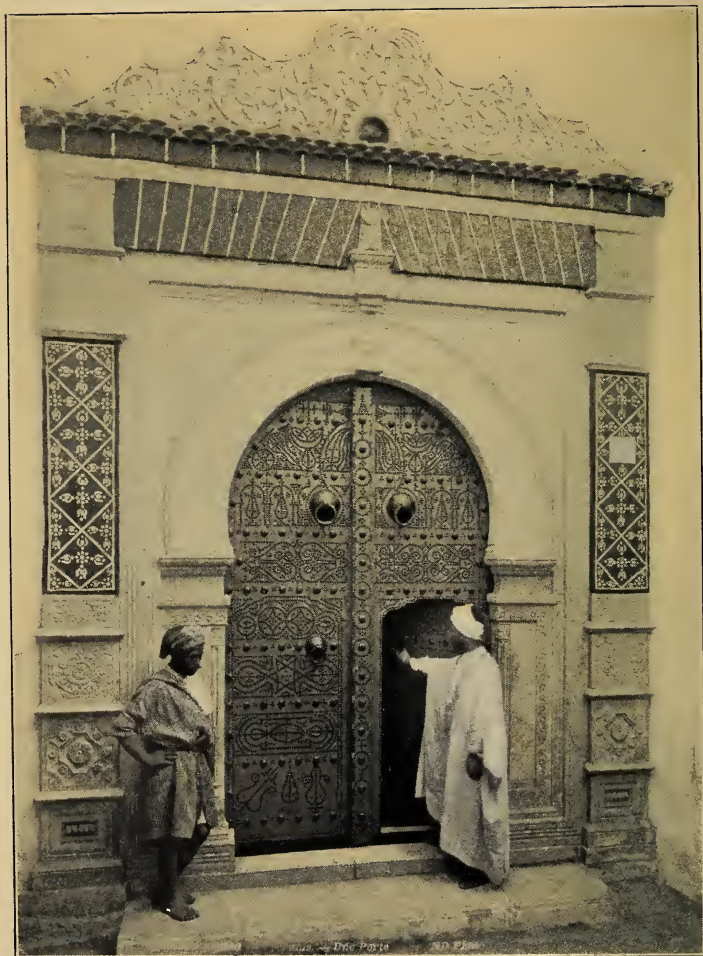




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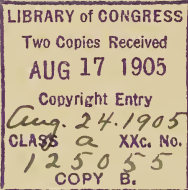
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Cruising in the Mediterranean

I.

¶ *The Poor Millionaires—Crossing the Ocean in a Yacht—The German Emperor as the Father of the Yacht-de-Luxe—A Navy of Pleasure Yachts—The Great Moral Service.*

The prerogative of the poor millionaires to a bit of luxury is constantly being infringed upon. The sphere of those exclusive privileges, formerly only accessible to the rich, is being visibly reduced in favor of those possessing but average wealth. Nearly every whim of every millionaire is being modelled and remodelled by enterprising persons until it becomes attainable with an outlay of a very reasonable amount of money. Horse and carriage, even the most thoroughbred race horse, wheel and automobile, all attractions of a sailing or hunting ground, not to enumerate any more of the endless pleasures, have long lost the fascination of being unattainable by the average mortal. Thus the tables are being turned upon wealth, until sooner or later, it will lose its most subtle charms. For assuredly the keenest human pleasure can only develop with the knowledge that what we possess is unattainable to others and that we are the objects of the deepest envy. Our real millionaires must now face and solve the difficult problem, find new pleasures, invent new delights of so complicated and costly a nature that even the possessors of scant millions, humiliated and overwhelmed, must become conscious of their nonentity.

The marvelous playroom for these ambitions seemingly was open to them alone in a sphere truly kingly in its way, knowing no bounds in the sums devoted thereto, following each inspiration like a quick echo, veritably making the entire world the play-toy of any momentary notion. All this

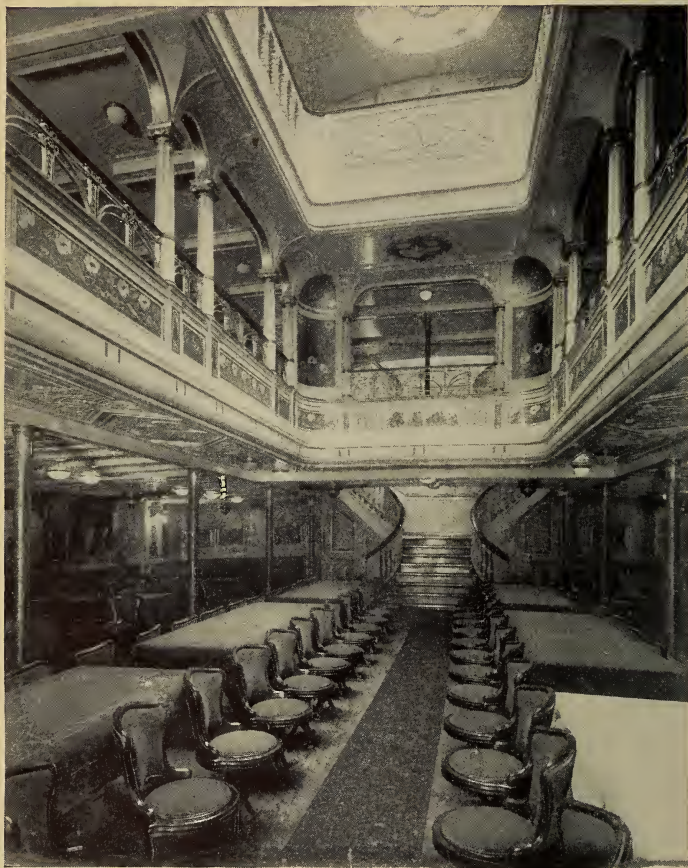


S. S. PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE.
Social Hall. S.S. Prinzessin Victoria Luise. Library.

then to be enjoyed after an excellent dinner, in select company and the best of cigars. To the owner of a luxurious yacht any spot in this wide world most naturally stands open at any hour of any day. His boat is lying here or there under steam, a thought need but be transformed to a command and amid all the exquisite luxury of his life on land he can drift over the sparkling ocean to—anywhere—any place which happens to be the correct sound-board for the momentary mood, be it elated or dejected, of the prince of this yacht. His going and his coming are controlled but by the desire of the moment. He steps on land as a stranger whose fatherland is rocking on the waters. Swift launches form the bridges which can at any minute be withdrawn as quickly as they have been drawn. From the most primitive or the ruins of the highest civilization he can seek refuge in the never-changing comfort of his yacht, leave the bewildering and exotic quaintness of kitchen and cellar and return to the tried, strictly regulated perfection, which artists' hands have prepared for him on board.

The well-schooled servants with whom signs take the place of words, frequently even read his thoughts. The blossoms of sociability north-south-east-westward unfold their soft splendor uninfluenced by wind or weather. On the topmost deck rests the prince of all these wonders and ponders how fortunate it is that at least this highest fascination of crossing the ocean on a yacht must forever remain denied to the beggardly plebeians who with their hustling perseverance and talent for concentrated enjoyment have already robbed him of all pleasure in hunt and game, sport and woman, art and nature.

Even this beautiful dream soon vanished. All these fascinations can to-day be bought. Not even at too high a price. Throughout the entire year opportunities are offered to us, and without the slightest trouble we can reach the place where the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise" and the "Meteor," the most enjoyable of all pleasure yachts, are lying at anchor. The development in the means of ocean travel during the last ten years has shown a veritable revolution in its conceptions, good, safe and comfortable. The idea of building a yacht-de-luxe,



Main Saloon and Cupola, S. S. Prinzessin Victoria Luise.

in the fullest sense of the word, however, to be put at the service of the public, is indeed revolutionary. It is unfair merely to interpret this as a sort of logical outcome of the so-called "train-de-luxe." It reaches so endlessly far beyond

everything which we have up to the present time known and acknowledged as luxurious means of travel, as do the seas which the yacht traverses. The true father of this yacht idea was no less a person than the German Emperor. From him came the first impulse to build a ship exclusively for pleasure trips, which should accommodate but a limited number of first-cabin passengers, should carry no freight and should in all its details be arranged for luxury and practical comfort, and where each foot of the broad spacious decks should be utilized for some form of amusement. This idea fascinated the Emperor to such an extent that he himself outlined the plans for the building and equipment of a ship of this type even to the minutest details, constantly keeping in mind his experiences on his yacht the "Hohenzollern." Many of these imperial ideas seem actually to have been adopted on the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise."

Large windows have taken the place of the former loopholes. An innovation which has been adopted are covered verandas which permit meals being served in the open air. Consideration has been taken of climatic conditions of the tropics and only lower berths exist in the exceptionally spacious cabins. These are so perfectly equipped and ventilated as to render the nights which must be spent therein most pleasant. For the rest, all the experience gained in the building of large luxurious vessels has been used to best advantage. Magnificent drawing rooms, as well as a three-story dining room crowned with a truly artistic glass cupola, are the result. All of this cannot find its equal even on the most famous yachts. Whoever has had the opportunity to inspect in New York harbor or at Newport a number of American yachts of this kind, will find that occasionally materials have been used for the equipment exceeding in costliness those of the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise." On the other hand, a 5,000-ton ship offers possibilities for exercise on board, freedom, and a variety of amusements which most naturally can not be had on the smaller ships. Herein even the "Hohenzollern" is no exception. Aside from the private apartments of the imperial couple, as well as the drawing room of the Empress, every one, to whom the mere fact that he is on board

the yacht of the German Emperor does not mean all and everything, must admit that for a longer trip the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise" offers infinitely more than even this vessel which most certainly has won the distinction of being a criterion as a pleasure yacht.

All details are in perfect harmony. The service rendered so complicated through the frequent landings, is carried out in a manner which deserves all admiration. Not a loud word can be heard, no censuring, no commanding. From somewhere sounds a short whistle, and like the fabulous work of the hobgoblins, all is accomplished with the absolute reliability resulting from excellent discipline. On the very first day a feeling of relationship to the yacht is awakened which develops into familiarity. Despite any number of ideal hours spent on land, despite almost inconceivable charms and fascinations which we have experienced there, joyfully and gladly we return to our yacht. The land becomes the changeable and variable of this passing dream and on such a trip this floating hotel becomes the object of all our tender feelings, where for weeks we have no trunks to pack, no itineraries to study, and the nervousness connected with travelling does and can not take possession of us.

The tables are always set, fresh beer is on tap at all times. No wish remains unfulfilled, no longing unsatisfied. We can escape to one of the upper decks if in a momentary mood we desire solitude, we can be jovial with the jolly, converse seriously with the serious. Day or night the heavens stand open to us. Those who desire to work—forsooth a rare exception—can find complete rest and quiet, the idler can readily become a virtuoso in this art of arts.

It is therefore truly not astonishing if all this results in a necessity to gradually build a large navy of pleasure yachts. The "Meteor" followed the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise." Another successful attempt to bring yachts into even greater popularity. In its construction and equipment it is somewhat simpler than its predecessor, the "Victoria Luise," nevertheless built with all possible consideration for the utmost comfort. Moreover the cost of these pleasure trips has recently been so far reduced that it is almost a sav-

ing of money if in preference to remaining at home we sail to where the world is most beautiful.

The large renowned hotels of the continent are beginning seriously to fear their floating colleagues. Most justly so, for in addition to all the attractions our yachts have borrowed from them, comes the wonderful fascination of "ever onward," that marvelous feeling which lies in the illusion that the elements are carrying us ahead.

Again and again we must needs ask and wonder where the bounds lie for this new phase in the development of means of travel. We hardly dare permit our imagination a harmless jest, ere it come true. Hanging gardens or horse races, skating rinks in winter and an artistic shore with the genuine dashing of the waves in summer, opera and concerts and variety shows, perhaps a bit of drawing-room literature or a bit of boudoir wisdom on board. Why not? How trifling in reality is that which to-day divides fact from imagination. A decade more and we will almost feel ashamed that we were unable to prophecy even more complicated things. But humanity will become freer, will completely cut loose from its native soil. The ocean will lose the terror which it still holds for many of the inlanders when they realize the marvelous fascination lying open to us while gliding across the glorious waters.

Thus from the original purpose of such a trip, merely for pleasure's sake, grows the infinitely grander thought of bringing persons nearer, closer together in a manner which makes it easy for them to learn to understand, know and appreciate one another. This is, if we so desire, the great moral service which the yacht, the swimming hotel, and when we think of the new ocean giants, the swimming cities, are performing. The world assuredly has not grown smaller but the conception of distances daily comes more and more under the category of things which have had their day.



The Peak of Teneriffe.



Santa Cruz, Teneriffe.

II.

¶ *The Harbor of Ponta Delgada—Gardens full of
Mysteries—The Peak of Teneriffe—Sunday in
Santa Cruz—Mountains that Pass in the Night.*

Nothing can be more deceiving than the ocean front of Southern cities. Behind its diverse colors are frequently hidden poorly disguised decay and dirt, which we call picturesque, without, however, really believing it. But wherever the colors have been retained in their original cleanness, have been finely toned down by the strong, glaring sun, and to a certain extent have been brought into perfect harmony with the background nature has placed there, the result is a most charming picture. While the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise" is elegantly turning and entering the harbor of Ponta Delgada the entire length of the city gradually unrolls before us, rising up against the beautiful curves of this hilly country. From the distance it glitters and glimmers like a new toy but just taken from its box. Surely no available shade of the rainbow was overlooked when their inhabitants attempted to give these truly characteristic little houses a cheerful exterior. On the old, sombre, gray walls of the harbor bright shining moss is luxuriantly growing. It covers the walls of rock upon which a portion of the city stands, like a radiant mantle of velvet. Over the entire island a bright, fresh green, the gift of spring, is sparkling against the dark, deep color of the Spanish laurel, majestic cedars, which spread out their branches like an imposing coronation robe, the cypresses and all the kinds of palms which outlive the winter. To the very summits the soil of the hills has been furrowed, ploughed and sowed, and upon the whole rests the fascination of great and manifold fruitfulness. Huge windmills are turning their wings to the tune of a fresh breeze, and seem to hover above hill and vale like mighty monster-birds. Veiled in a light mist, the higher mountain chains rise from the interior of the island. Characteristic of all is the conical shape which clearly indicates their volcanic origin. It is a truly hillocky world which

spreads about Ponta Delgada and picturesquely embeds this bright colored little city between the green of the land and the deep-blue foaming spray of the waves splashing against the old gray walls of the breakwater. Later we wander through the streets of the city, and this, our first impression, is favorably strengthened.

We enter through a marvelous old gate, pass churches revealing all the fantastic scroll work, the bizarre lines of a style for which nothing seemed sufficiently solemn that it could not be set forth thus gayly. We wander past palaces whose facades lead us to conjecture that centuries ago a gallant race of cavaliers and lovers lived behind them. Most of the time we walk between high walls. Behind them are hidden the greatest beauties Ponta Delgada can boast of, its gardens full of mysterious, marvelous splendor. Even the art of garden architecture has recently been approached with new ideas. Nature must submit to strong violence if these attempts are to be enforced upon it. In any one of these silent gardens we may see and admire what masterworks she produces when permitted to do her own sweet will, and if we do not intrude upon her inspirations any more than is absolutely necessary for preservation. There behind the high walls she hides and guards almost jealously the whole proud aristocracy of centuries. Aside from those gardens open to the public, there are such which to enter we must have a "Sesame open." Two strong peals of a bell sound and resound, then for a short space of time there is silence, such silence that we almost hear our own thoughts come and go. Suddenly we distinguish shuffling feet on the other side of the wall. Then a voice utters unintelligible, hence mysterious, words. Our guide answers in the same manner. Slowly, hesitatingly, a key is turned and, only just far enough that we may pass through, a gate is opened, so gigantic a gate that next to it we look like dwarfs. The whole, strong, reflected splendor of the setting sun lies upon this garden; we could infinitely better call it a garden revery. Long rows of tall camellia trees, the perfumes of the sweet-smelling wistaria mingles with that of the orange blossoms and the Portuguese magnolia, which abounds in thousands. Then we plod

our way through a maze of lianas and many climbing and creeping plants to a gigantic species of rubber trees, which involuntarily give rise to the wierdest dreams. Their tremendous roots descend into the earth like steep precipices. The eye is hardly able to reach the dull lustre of their crests, which we attempt again and again, only to be irretrievably lost in



Ponta Delgada, Azores.

the labyrinths of their branches. Where is the beginning and where is the end of these marvelous ancient trees, which so absolutely overthrow all ideas we may have received through the paltry specimens of those other rubber trees, the pride of our winter gardens? Hesitatingly we move forward through the halo of solemnity which the shadows have spread over the entire place. Wherever we glance, we see tree-tops of that magnificent splendor which only age can bestow. With the exuberance of youth the dark, shining blossoms, on swaying branches, are boldly climbing to the lonely crests, adorning them like jewels with their various-colored splendor. Here

and there the rustling of camellias falling to the ground, camellias whose death hour had come. Somewhere the sweet voice of a little bird is sobbing their death hymn. We wander over soft, thick moss as silently as we would wander in a beautiful dream from which we are loathe to awake. The sun is sinking deeper and deeper, and in the growing dusk the garden is revealing all its mysteries, its secrets. Gigantic as are its trees, they must be and are full of stupefying perfumes. But before we have learned to understand their language, their rustling and whispering, a gate is opened—only just far enough that we may pass out. We have been pushed into the trite, everyday world, and must again walk along its streets.

* * *

The dim light of the very early morning is lying over the water. We feel the rising sun more than we can see it. In the distance, where we surmise the land, another sea is rising, a sea of floating clouds and mist, quickly flying along with the wind. Where, for instances, they are torn asunder mountain peaks appear, rough and rugged. Soon, very soon, they again join into a wall of clouds jealously guarding its secrets from us. A sharper breeze sets in. For moments we can follow the struggle between wind and clouds in deep suspense. With a bold assault the wind tears a broad, great gap in the mass of clouds and mist. High, high up in the air a broad mountain peak becomes visible in a white, shining light, which as first we cannot seem to understand. The white snow fields of this peak have received the morning greetings of the sun rising behind us. The illuminated crest of the Peak of Teneriffe is set off against the dark color of the restlessly moving clouds with a truly artistic effect. Again and again, the nearer we draw to the coast, we are reminded of the stage. Valkyrie rocks appear, defiant, dark fortresses, castles of the gods, pitch dark ravines in which Alberichs and Fafners could have dwelled. Sharp-edged, rugged chains of mountains, behind them others arise whose peaks threaten to tear the very heavens asunder. Fourfold, these coulisses of Nature are in some places sliding together, and we watch and

wonder with anxious suspense what will come to pass on this odd scene. But the stage remains silent and deserted.

At the next turn we are opposite the village of Santa Cruz, of which the predominant features are the two graceful-original towers of its two principal churches. The whole town appears to have been levelled out, and seemingly has no true analogy with the neighboring mountains. We see but scant vegetation, far from that Southern abundance which in this place we would be most justified to expect. The city itself is of a sober, variegated coloring. Even many colors joined together can produce a tiring, uninteresting effect. Again and again our eye returns to the mountain scenery. Instinctively we feel that it is the very best the island has to offer. Afterwards we almost regret that we were impudent enough to seek better things in the interior.

Palm Sunday. The inhabitants are wearing their best clothes. In the cathedral we see Tom, Dick and Harry assembled. It is a large room of startling soberness. Even the centuries which it has survived can lend it no more interest. Cane benches are standing about without any order whatsoever. Children are fighting on them. Or neighbors are quite cosily continuing their chat of the previous evening. All persons are kneeling on the ground in long rows and praying, but seemingly without deep devotion, for on Palm Sunday this little world displays all the novelties the spring has brought in mantillas and lace veils, all the new "Parisian" fashions imported from—anywhere. On both sides two companies of soldiers have taken their stand. In full-dress uniform all of them, crossed belt and buttons glistening like a mirror. With head and heart these sturdy brown fellows are far away from the mass, which a young priest is reading in an abrupt business-like manner. When the hornist shrilly sounds the prescribed signals for the rituals with an almost impudent Traetaetaetae it sends a thrill of fright through the entire community. Then for a few moments reigns absolute quiet. We hear the dominus vobiscum of the priest pass over the bowed heads, which forsooth are soon close together again only to continue their worldly doings. A cross-fire of

coquettish-loving glances begins under the shadow of the altar. The children, uncontrolled as they are, are not amusing themselves in quite the quietest way possible. The pairs move closer together. It is truly glorious to kneel under God's wing—by twos. We see but few persons praying who are really alone with their prayers, their sorrows, their hopes. Otherwise we could readily believe that we have been removed to a club house where, for a change, a reception has been arranged in the honor of God, with Whom these people are the best of friends as long as they do not need Him, and Whom they but learn to fear slavishly and passionately when the hour of need has come.

Once more the bell sounds on the altar, the shrill horn blows. The priest bestows his blessing, and with a noisy, jovial talkativeness the multitude rises and disperses. The companies march away. With clinking spurs, clattering sabres and heavy, noisy steps. For they feel that they are the true masters of the situation, even in the house of God. The fair ones of Santa Cruz crowd after them like a flock of diverse-colored, glittering birds. Powder and rouge, to be sure, are merely human virtues, without which even that beauty does not consider herself perfect who assuredly needs neither the one nor the other. With the solemnity passed down to them from their proud forefathers, and which in reality so little befits these sons, the citizens appear, wishing again to let the eternally feminine pass muster before the gates of the cathedral. Across the square, not further than a stone's-throw, the soldiers are lounging about in front of the barracks. We almost feel how little would be necessary to make these two antagonists clash, who for centuries are continuing the same struggle of the proud wearer of the uniform against the ordinary civilian for the favor of the fair ones. But the bells are solemnly and loudly ringing in the peace of Palm Sunday.

* * * * *

Over Laguna a well-built road leads in ascending curves to Tachorante, which receives far more praise than it deserves. After the first turns, which rise very steeply, we are at so great a height that land and sea are lying at our feet! It is

not merely a phrase if we claim here to recognize the scenery of near-by Africa. Flat, dirty white houses, with flat roofs, artistically interrupt the sombre solitude of a country which has but little green to boast of beside the endless cactusses, with their grotesque ugliness, which abound in such quantities. Santa Cruz below us, despite its real soberness, looks like a veritable Fata Morgana. The slim "Prinzessin Victoria Luise," far out in the harbor, is rocking on the waves



Seven Cities, Azores.

like a true "Maiden From Afar." From Laguna on, the entire picture changes as with one stroke. A spring landscape full of the soft charm of Italy. Fruit trees in full bloom, flowers bordering the meadows, the meadows themselves teeming with rich, red earth. This mild softness soon becomes very tiring. All the more so, as a street leads through this idyl which generates that same dust, penetrating into all pores, which has brought the African roads into such bad repute. The Peak of Teneriffe at closer range is and remains but one of many as soon as it loses the certain special charm which all land assumes when seen from the ocean. We are doubly glad this time to return to the steamer. The sup-

position has changed to certainty. What we could see from our decks was the very best. In every possible light. The pale moon is shining into gorges and ravines. Here and there the fine mists of the evening are settling over the peaks. The wind has ceased entirely so that the mists seem gradually to be gliding down the mountain sides. The very peaks seem to be wandering. They move—move. Constantly new perspectives are being revealed. New, and yet they seem familiar. Almost like the shifting scenery in Parsifal when it moves backwards. We again hear the water beating against the keel more loudly than before. In the uncertain light of a crescent moon we must stare hard into the night before we notice that it is we—our ship almost soundlessly riding into the night, into the open seas. Once more, for the last time, the entire chain of this wildest romantic becomes visible, owing their queer shapes to the subterranean fires of the earth. Then crest after crest, peak after peak, ridge after ridge, disappear in that unfathomable darkness from which we saw them emerge in the early morning light. Valkyrie rocks, defiant dark fortresses, castles of the gods, pitch dark ravines, in which Alberichs and Fafners could have dwelled.



Harbor of Santa Cruz, Teneriffe.

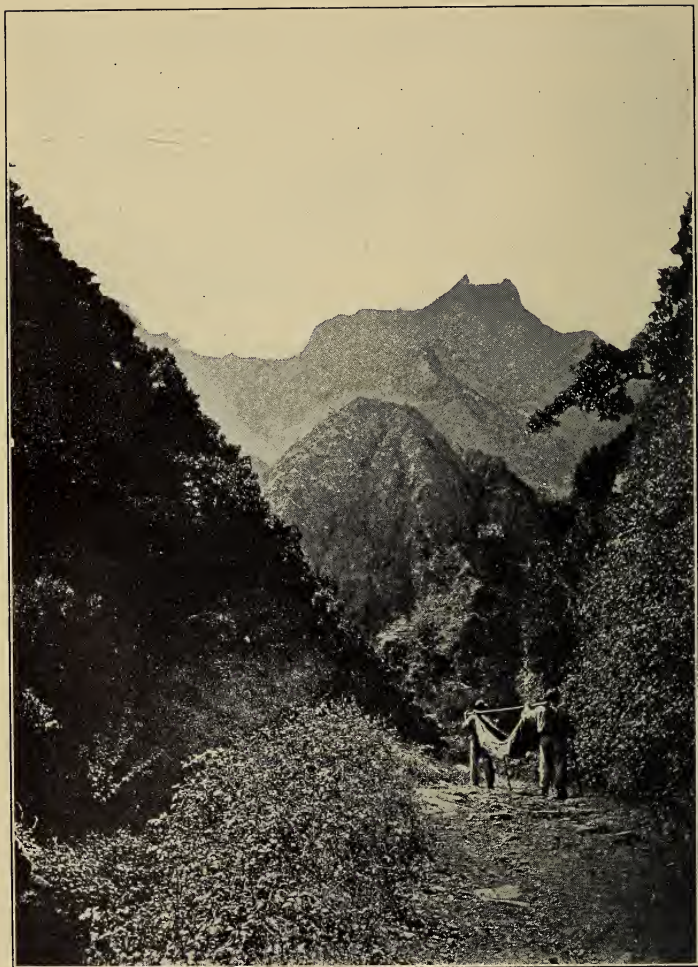


Spanish Soldiers in Santa Cruz.

III.

¶ *Oddities and Possibilities in Madeira—In Bullocks and Basket Sleds—The Fascinating Power of the “Millreis”—Strolling in the Mountains—“Santa Anna” an Example of Perfect Nouveaux Art—Day-dream Wishes.*

Funchal, Madeira's capital and seaport, would possess no end of fascination for strangers even were it less embedded in beauty. It is rich in oddities, rich in possibilities for purchase, and, above all, blessed with a currency which readily permits the “millionaire feeling” to take possession of us. Its oddities, moreover, are of the kind which appeal to us as thoroughly amusing. The means of transportation we find there involuntarily produce the impression that they have been constructed with the sole purpose of affording strangers a great deal of pleasure. Yet, bullocks and basket-sleds, as well as hammocks, have arisen merely from necessity. A hilly city throughout, paved with those half-round, small stones which the words “cat's-heads” so admirably describe. Moreover, through constant use rubbed down to a state of smoothness and slipperiness which necessitates a broad, firm base on any means of conveyance in order to safely bring it uphill or downhill. Thus the sledge runners became the ground-form then easily adapted to the different purposes. In the city itself good-natured oxen trod along in front of the vehicles, a basket carriage in which four passengers can be comfortably seated. Resting on strong springs even in the steepest places jerking and lurching are almost entirely avoided. The speed to be sure is not marvelous. But who on Maderia can have the desire to move ahead rapidly, there where we see each moment depart with the keenest regret knowing it can never return again. The basket-sled is of an entirely different type. In these we whiz, almost fly down to the city from the villages lying in the mountains. It is steered by two guides who hold back the sledge on the right



In the Interior of Madeira.

and left sides by means of strong ropes, so that it depends entirely upon their strength and aptness whether we land in the gutter or nicely remain on the street. But we can rely upon both these qualities with absolute confidence. Every muscle is strained, and with that technical skill, the result of long practise, these, in most cases young boys, run next to the sledge even if it is a case of turning a sharp corner in the wildest gallop. Then they bend the upper part of their body far, far back, let their muscles play, and a joyous laugh spreads over their entire face, not without a tinge of mischievousness, at the screams of fright which so often come from charming mouths when one of these dangerous corners comes into view. A danger—the fascination of which is heightened through the suddenness with which it appears and disappears before we have quite been able to realize its existence. A danger—greeted with a scream and ending in a hearty laugh. Hardly have we recovered our breath and looking back see the mountain path we just came flying down, we are doubly glad not only to feel all the bones in our body, but to feel that they are whole and in place. We decide to offer the gods a libation, this more as a welcome excuse to taste that world-famous wine which carries the name of the island throughout all lands.

It is still an unsolved secret why our power of resistance to the very same enjoyments is so infinitely greater in the place of their origin than at our own table. The wine on the Rhine, the beer in Pilsen, the cigars in Havana, can be enjoyed in quantities, even by novices in all these delicacies of a gourmand, which at home only the experienced may indulge in. It seems as if the good spirits of each place were exerting a secret spell that we may entirely surrender ourselves to the joys of the moment without a single thought for the coming penitance. Madeira, too, is charmed with such good spirits who watch over us and permit the heavy, sweet juices which spring from this blessed earth to intoxicate us only so far as can add to our complete happiness. Only so far as may be of advantage to the merchants who are at hand whether we wish them or not, with a thousand and one temptations. Laces and embroideries, fine filigree jewelry in gold and silver, bas-

ket and wickerwork of all kinds constitute the principal temptations which it is so difficult to resist. Material and work being of an excellent quality the prices do not even appear high because the salesmen are wise enough to adopt exclusively the English currency for these purposes. If offered in reis, forsooth, through the first fright many a purchase would come to naught. Next to the shells of the wild nations, there is surely no more amusing money than reis. It would be psychologically interesting to discover whether this fraction of a "rational" money possibly owes its existence to a conscious megalomania. With the utmost ease we give away thousands to beggars, for a single meal we pay in four figured sums. To use a round hundred thousand in purchases can be the work of a well utilized hour. When we receive the hotel bill Vandervilt illusions overcome us. The postage for the picture postal cards, which we unwisely swore to send, far surpasses the average yearly income of any citizen of the middle class. We learn to squander these enormous sums very quickly, just as soon as we realize that it is merely the question of a joke which we can perpetrate with and upon ourselves. Here, too, of course, the lucky American takes the lead who, with a single haughty dollar, can swallow up thousands of reis.

Even those whose time on Madeira is limited to one single day should penetrate into the interior of the island at least a little way. Hard as it may seem, they should tear themselves away from the purchases though they seem half-gifts. For here, too, when the summing up of accounts begins amounts result at least double the sum we originally would have deemed very reckless to spend. Rather take the funicular railway, quickly and safely climb the 2,000 feet to a spot which offers the most suitable starting point for a stroll into the mountains. Here we learn to understand why physicians and patients, convalescents and healthy, all with equal enthusiasm, sing the praises and laud the wonders of this balmy air. The many travellers who do not get far beyond the boundary of Funchal, do the island and themselves the same degree of injustice. With the paths to be sure which for hours relentlessly continue to be the same stony, slippery ones, we must

cheerfully or sullenly become reconciled. Otherwise we can bemoan but one fact and that is our inability to look forwards and backwards at the same time. In front of us the hills adorned to their very crests with the fresh green of spring and the deepest, richest colors. We see mountain formations which remind us of the Alps before they rise to their highest heights. Rugged, majestic or threatening as their aspect



Funchal, Madeira.

may be, it is again and again transformed into a fascinatingly original picture through the blossoming and fragrance pervading everything. Foaming torrents are dashing over glistening rocks bordered with luxuriant diverse-colored splendor. Dark gorges overgrown with roses to their very darkest depths or clad in shining ivy. Creepers climbing on the finest stems to anywhere and everywhere. Between all and behind us appears the everlasting sea with its endless color effects. The heavens are spreading over all as if to reflect and perfect the lightest as well as the darkest tones of this beautiful picture. Above us a sun which gilds every poor, neglected precipice

and glimmers and glitters on each single beauty with a truly triumphant joy. The higher we climb the more closely the mountains seem to move together. From time to time, the background, the deep blue sea disappears. We almost forget where we are wandering until perchance at the next turn a narrow strip of sea lends the old picture new splendor. The true fascination of this stroll lies in the picture, which is presented by the interweaving and intermingling of the endless expanse of the wonderful ocean and the gradual rising of the mountain chains. Hill tops bending down to the sea and an ocean threatening at the first rising of the waters to storm the very crests. Whatever lies between them remains immeasurable space for both—space which the human eye can master at one single glance.

To prophesy or wish to prophesy the further future for a place of fame, a title Madeira to-day undoubtedly deserves, seems somewhat senseless. Yet I would like to believe that the renown of to-day means but the beginning of a development which from every point of view seems inevitable. Here, too, in the first place the greatest importance falls to the problem of distances. A regular steamship service of the Hamburg-American Line to begin next winter, will adopt Madeira as the center station of the route Naples-New York. This must develop into a highway for both continents which assuredly will not fail to be duly appreciated and utilized. It is interesting to observe on Madeira, even at present, that the German-English rivalry which we so frequently come in contact with in other spheres, has taken the form of a struggle for the hotel predominance for the future. Until a few years ago the English had broadly and with all their stubbornness completely controlled the island as far as strangers were concerned. All that could be acquired of important territory, vital concessions was English. Smaller German enclaves for a special set of patrons was all that could exist. But the average stranger with certainty fell into the hands of the English. This has considerably changed since as a result of German enterprise a hotel, "Santa Anna," has been erected which would justly create a sensation anywhere. It was to be anticipated that the new decorative tendency would

not fail to exert its influence on hotel architecture and decoration. We must admit that even in the large cities the general run of these modern hotel interiors is not much to boast of. What they offer is primarily that misunderstood and above, all cheap imitation of nouveaux art furniture, carpets and wall papers which managed to spring into life with such rapidity as to compromise the original and lower its artistic



Villa Amelia, Madeira.

importance. In "Santa Anna," however, the problem has been happily solved, and with laudable respect to the genuineness and excellent quality of all materials used, to create rooms for living and representative purposes. These fortunately permit us completely to forget a certain atmosphere which usually pervades hotels. On the other hand however, all due consideration has been shown the necessary dimensions and demands of a hotel. The newly built "Villa Amalia" contains only bedrooms. The idea of completely separating these from drawing and dining rooms—which here lie

far distant in an extensive park—must be welcomed merely from the standpoint that thus at last complete rest and quiet are possible. Also in every other respect it has been possible to adapt all the details of the house to this main idea and to erect a building in which purpose and beauty go hand in hand with rare harmony. After the very first season the necessity has arisen to build a twin house, to be followed by even more on grounds sufficiently large and princely to permit of a whole colony of hotel villégiatures.

The exquisiteness of the architecture applied in the interior does not reach its height in the rooms as such. The technical constructions, those for bathing, lighting and heating purposes, must be defined as absolutely elegant if the word



Interior Views, Santa Anna, Madeira.

in this connection did not mean too little. It is certainly gratifying that one is constantly becoming more convinced how essential it is that those things which a short time ago were considered as of secondary are and must be treated as of primary importance. We can wander about the park for hours without encountering the slightest repetition in the beautiful pictures presented by scenery and garden. Incomparable and indescribable is the vision from the terrace which through its dominating height commands the view of a large portion of the coast and the interior of the island. The very city of Funchal, the harbor rest at its feet.

If we look sharply we can discover a small peninsula ex-

tending far into the sea and on it amid a park of almost impenetrable green, amid palms belonging to the most famous of their species, lies the villa in which the Empress of Austria so dearly loved to dwell. This spot of perfect peace is now to be transformed into the battle-field on which the decisive victory of the German against the English hotels is to be won. A new, marvelous hotel, a casino, pleasure palaces on the grandest style, are to be built in the tropical beauty of this park so that both will rise in and complete their value. Here an opportunity is offered to the imagination of artists, who, taking all the liberties modern art permits, can design and erect buildings, something so rarely crowned with success, which appear as the logical continuation of the scenery. Above all we would wish these artists to possess the finest, most intimate understanding for the originality of this scenery and the artistic power of composition which does not perchance treat such a landscape as a background, which to a certain extent may be neglected, but as the predominating element finding clear and tangible expression in each individual detail of the buildings. Perhaps all these are but day-dream wishes which must arise when from our great height we look down upon this park-paradise. But be this as it may, how gratifying it would be if the future of Madeira would be inaugurated with an artistic success which even the English competition would have to acknowledge as being specifically German.



Bullocks, a Madeira Conveyance.



His Majesty, Emperor William of Germany, Entering Tangiers.

IV.

¶ *Why the Mules of Tangiers are Astonished—A Stage for the Fabulous and Fantastic—The Same Way, the Same Step Since Centuries—Market Day in Tangiers—In the Arabian Cafe—The Wedding of a Wealthy Moorish Woman—The Melody of the Will-o'-the-Wisp.*

Since the German Emperor's visit to Tangiers the stream of international globe-trotters is thronging there in continuous succession. The capital of Morocco has suddenly become interesting. In long caravans and mounted on donkeys, day after day, we can see those sight-seers who invariably follow the latest sensation, crowding through the narrow, winding streets. With loud, joyful Arrah, Arrah, old and young drive the mules forward which are shaking their heads in astonishment at the demands suddenly being made upon their capabilities and power of endurance.

Undoubtedly a great portion of the enthusiasm developed for the German friend and protector can be traced to the flourishing business caused by the enormous influx of strangers, the first noticeable local political result. The mule drivers are untiring in their descriptions of the entry of the Emperor. Something which in itself was beyond a doubt a veritable revelation of wild Oriental pomp, splendor and magnificence, in the still wilder manner of fantastic elaboration almost assumes the character of one of those fairy tales of the great Calif, for which this city, whose every nook and corner is almost an embodiment of originality, seems the true and most appropriate stage-setting. The fabulous and fantastic is enacted here all the day, in the light of a sun penetrating with a truly marvelous power of illumination into all those dark, winding recesses and corners in their en-

tirety called streets. It has neither a beginning nor an end. We never know what the next turn may bring. Only the human beings, as decoration, remain unchanged and unchangeable, a medley of indescribable variety and diversity of color. Sombre and deep are these colors, and into them plays the pure white of the women's garbs and the mantles of the Bedouins. Compared with the degeneracy we meet at every step in the Arabian quarter of Algiers, even the beggar of Tangiers, melodramatically lamenting his distress on the streets, seems to be an aristocrat.

The infection from foreign rule, always and inevitably leading to the decay of a nation's distinctive characteristics, has gained but little ground in Tangiers. We can readily believe that the whole unbroken wildness of this race, so proud of its physical perfection, reigns supreme in the interior of the country, when we see the comparative purity it could and did maintain in this, its principal seaport. It is a remarkable phenomenon that a nation should succeed in this preservation if we consider that but a gun-shot from Europe it has been exposed to the constant reciprocal effect of the "blessings of civilization." We must naturally exclude the corps of guides who have acquired the same loquaciousness, cunning and talent for boasting, we could encounter anywhere on the continent, enhanced, to be sure, by the decided humor which alone lies in their way of treating the international languages and their manners—a combination of subjugation and pathos, which they employ in the hope of inducing us to buy from them every, even the slightest attention.

Tangiers was and is by no means in need of the imperial advertisement. In itself it is one of the most remarkable sights lying open to us on our so smoothly working itineraries. It seems to arise from the ocean like a gigantic play-toy carved out of an enormous white block with loving care. Then battlements appear in sight, densely studded with good-natured, harmless old cannons, which do not even try to make a formidable impression. Minarets in their picturesque slimness stand out against the medley of other buildings. Jagged walls loom up and mighty gates. As we draw nearer the white city is lost to us, to be replaced by another, a city of

soft, delicate colors. The lightest of pinks, the lightest of yellows, but above all the azure blue of the African skies, are the predominating colors of the structures. To the left of the city proper, along the harbor wharfs, stretches the new European quarter in all its appropriate soberness. It seems like a veritable derision when just here we see the caravans



City Gates, Tangiers.

of heavily laden camels drawing by, wending their way to the interior—the same way, the same step since centuries.

Far out on the roads, which become unapproachable on stormy days, the ship is riding at anchor. On rocking boats and accompanied by those penetrating shrieks and screams which easily drown the lapping of the waves, we are rowed toward the pier, projecting far, far into the water, the latter being one of the French acquisitions. Soon we make the acquaintance of the next, the custom house, where timorous attempts are made, legally or illegally, to impose taxes upon

the stranger that he may at last have the privilege of setting foot on land. Half the population is on its feet. The people do not offer the slightest resistance to the efforts of the officers of the law to scatter them, but in the very next second they are again closely crowded together, only to surround the stranger like a fabulous body with a hundred heads and two hundred hands, and to value the booty which he, if Allah wills, can, may or does represent. There is a remarkable contrast between their noisy, tireless manner of speaking and the dignified placidity of their gestures. Apparently, here, they battle only with words, maim one another with wildly flaming eyes.

Ranged on the walls of the street sit the philosophers, cowering and contemptuously, or perhaps lazily, gazing into vacancy, possibly perceiving far weightier matters revealed only to them. Thus they silently sit for many hours. Finally, if the spirit so moves them, they hesitatingly speak few but solemn words. Their true art, however, always consists in silence, which can mean everything or nothing, which remains forever obscure whether it be the heights of wisdom or the densest ignorance.

Our way wends upwards midst a wealth of artistic themes which, despite their massiveness, act so strongly in every detail that long after it comes back to us in each particular. It seems as if the extraordinary clearness of the air enabled us to see differently, more perfectly. It is almost impossible to stand quietly, even for a moment, in these narrow alleys. Touching elbows, we are pushed forward until the streets widen out and gradually open into a square, which seems vast after the cramped space to which we have just been limited.

Thousands of people standing, cowering, sitting, dancing, howling or lost in stolid indifference fill this square, together with their horses and wagons, mules and tents. It is market day in Tangiers—moreover, Easter market—and there have assembled here vast multitudes of people from the interior, most of whom probably come here only on this occasion. This gives us an opportunity to take in at one glance the life and customs of those tribes which have but recently been the subject of endless discussion. If we have reached a favorable

point of observation and attempt to range our senses in the confusion before us, we are constantly diverted by the picturesque of the group in its entirety. Thousands of burnouses draped in a thousand different fashions. Turbans and turbans, each appearing to be wound in a different manner. Every shade is represented, from the deep black of the Soudan negroes to the light brown of the noble Arabs. The



Tangiers, from the Sea.

women are gathered in long rows, their sparkling eyes, the principal part of their beauty, are all which is not hidden to us by their veils. Full-blood, prancing horses are led into the square. Nearby, patiently walk the donkeys, withered, worn and so fleshless that we constantly marvel at their remarkable strength and endurance. Magicians, snake-charmers, singing dancers, form the centres of attraction of the densely crowded circles. Men with flowing white beards telling fairy tales, the very image of those who filled the dreams of our childhood, are squatting on the ground surrounded by dignified men, who with their inevitable cigarette or "hashish" pipe are lis-

tening in wrapt attention. Wares, primarily natural products, are massed, piled up either on the ground or on straw mats. Camels are couched in front of the tents, almost motionless, blinking at the sun with tired, dull eyes. Above everything quivers something resembling the turmoil of battle, the agitation of fanaticism, the concomitant of riot. And all this much ado about nothing, for in reality it is merely a question of buying provisions for the next week, or perchance to gather news which may likewise last for a week.

Bordering on the upper boundary of the market place is a new quarter now in process of erection, containing the villas of the diplomats and the Europeans. These buildings, with intentional coquetry and their partially successful attempt to adapt themselves to the cheerfulness of the scenic picture, on market days at least, appear as untimely and out of place as possible. Conditions of the most primitive culture, which evidently have been maintained with few modifications for centuries, placed next to the results of a state of over-civilization, cannot be acknowledged as proper neighbors, notwithstanding the strong fascination of great contrasts. We would not be astonished should the generally harmless impulsiveness of the masses go astray on some market day and threaten to storm this uncongenial neighborhood.

Leaving the market the road leads into the open country. A hilly country of great charm comes into view, enhanced by a superabundance of gay flowers. Wild unknown species attract our attention by their splendor of form and color. Perfume pervades the air, but not the heavy, intoxicating odors which are so frequently met with in the Orient, but rather fresh, invigorating, full of the charm of a glorious spring. Here dwell the various tribes, entirely distinct and separated through their manners and customs, readily distinguishable by the cut of their hair and beard; they increase in wildness as we approach the interior. The territory around Tangiers which foreigners can travel with perfect safety has become a comparatively limited one.

In the evening we are accompanied into the streets by a diversified escort. Mustapha, the prototype of an Arabian Figaro, omnipresent and apparently omnipotent, heads the

procession. Lantern carriers precede and follow us. In spite of the full moon, the darkness in the narrow alleys is deep and threatening. Although our expedition is quite harmless, it assumes a formidable and romantic appearance. Silently we glide along the walls, each one of us, to be sure, conscious that, after all, we are taking part in a comedy. We would present a fit ensemble scene for an operette laid in the Orient.



Main Street, Tangiers.

One act would have to be played in the Arabian Café. For not even the most expert stage-manager could provide a more suitable and original interior. The guests are lounging about, surrounding the orchestra. Weird music fills the air, strange rhythms, occasionally a semblance of melody. Two violins, one with five strings, are rested and bowed upon the knee. Quaintly shaped lutes, tambourines and guitars join in the sing-song chorus. A strong odor of steaming, sweet coffee permeated the air. We sip it with a feeling akin to

reverence, as though in reality it were a potion of sweet oblivion. Fine lines of smoke from cigarettes and hashish, the latter being smoked out of long, artistic pipes with tiny bowls, slowly rise to the low ceiling. Many of the guests appear as though hypnotized by song and melody; they sit with wide-open mouths and stare and stare. Others approach and join the chant with harsh, unmusical voices, a music seeming to demand this very harshness. The tambourine beats faster and faster, which quite characteristically takes the lead.

Four typical figures with crossed legs lean against the side wall of the room. Motionless and stolid, and yet seemingly perfectly happy. For as the music reaches its zenith of wildness an expression resembling complete satisfaction lights up their countenances. Frequently they sway their heads slightly, or open their mouths, revealing ugly yellow teeth, acting as if they desired to be imbued with something blissfully rapturous. During the intermission they seem to collapse, all about them becomes limp and old, only to be enlivened as the music recommences, and then to listen in silence. On the strangers who intrude upon them even here they do not deign to cast a single glance of contempt. Different in this respect, however, are the skilled hucksters, who, passing through the room, endeavor with untiring activity and mysterious suggestions to sell their wares, primarily weapons. Of each we are assured that they have been actors in at least a dozen murderous adventures.

On the street an even more striking scene awaits us—the wedding of a wealthy Moorish woman. Mounted on a magnificent steed, caged in a box which completely obscures her from view, she begins her trip through the entire city. Music of all kinds, lutists and drummers, accompany her with indescribable clamor. A long cavalcade of dancing and chanting torch-bearers, relatives and friends follow her in their most costly and picturesque garments. After a long pilgrimage the bride is brought to the home of the bridegroom. There, for the first time, he lifts her veil, only heartlessly to let it drop should her beauty not be to his liking. The more money, the more noise. Into the quiet moonlit night it resounds through the silent streets. Only the perpetual, un-

changing rhythm hammers, shrieks and groans. Whenever we may hope the end has come we are doomed to disappointment.

Thus the greater part of the night passes. Unable to



Phantasia, Tangiers.

find sleep, we restlessly arise and peer into a night of mild and peaceful beauty. Here at last the phrase of the silver moon floating in blue ether is appropriate. The pinnacles and towers of this old fortified city, the bold arches of its

mighty gates, battlements and half-ruinous walls, loom up into the night as if built of ivory and jewels. In long, graceful curves the surf beats against the shores, waves of sapphires, their crests a crown of diamond foam. Here with wide-open eyes we could dream the most sublime dream of our lives were it not for the music of this Arabian wedding cruelly interposing like a hideous demon. At the most unexpected times, and where we least surmise it, it breaks forth anew. In the zigzag and labyrinths of the city we never know from whence the clamor will come. The hours pass. The morning dawns in soft colors. Unceasingly the same melody, like an accursed will-o'-the-wisp, quivers above the city. Let us



Suburb of Tangiers.

hope that the bridegroom did not on this occasion drop the veil, and that it was an act of vengeance from which even we, the unconcerned, must needs suffer. But if this was not the case, the patience of him who was awaiting must have been as stoical as that generally ascribed to the Oriental. With the break of day the din of the wedding procession ceases at last, almost abruptly. We are again confronted by the phenomenon that this unexpected silence affects us more irritatingly and annoyingly than the most cruel noise. From the nearby minaret there floats the call of the Muezzin bidding the faithful to prayer. The faithless, however, seek their rest with confusion in their mind.

V.

¶ *The Threetowncity Algiers—Mustapha Superieure—
Under Burning Heavens—The Piquancy of the
Forbidden—A Pompous Mass in the Cathedral—
Where the Faithful Stand in Deep Prayer—The
Noise and Bustle of the Old City.*

The threetowncity of Algiers seems to be the product of repeatedly violent mixtures of Orient and Occident, the unrest of civilization, and the power of persistence of that truly not enviable bliss which feels itself happiest in filth and dirt. Mustapha superieure, city of villas and hotels, rises above the new and old city, the European and the Arabian quarters, voluptuous, decked with flowers, like an unchaste beauty molded into the hilly country, which as outermost spur of the snow-covered heights of the Atlas and the Djurjura descends to the very boundary of the city. Constructed of glittering white marble, adorned with far projecting, horseshoe-shaped arcades, and crowned with phantastic cupolas and towers, the residences of the European and the Arabian nobility lie amid their glimmering, glistening gardens. A perfume arises from these gardens laden with fragrance which accompanies the wanderer for miles and miles, completely bewitching his senses. The open country about him is another larger garden, God's garden, full of wild flowers of the wildest beauty, unknown forms and colors, which we have never seen before, which we can never, never forget. We would be strongly tempted to speak of a color madness in which nature here finds joy and pleasure. Or possibly, our senses of a Western soberness are too much dulled to withstand this storm of beauty.

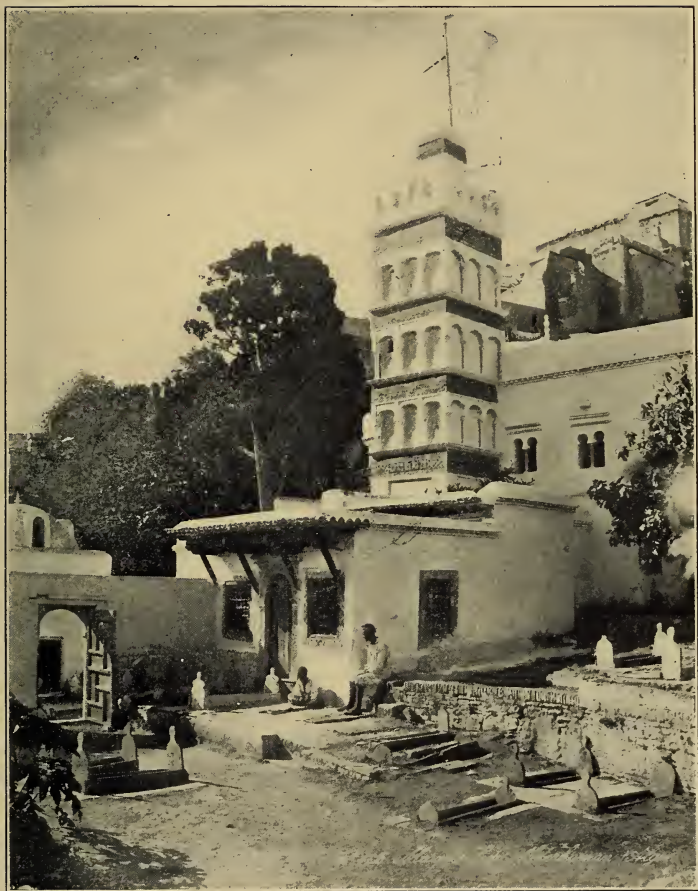
The road ascends in broad serpentine, constantly leading into more tempting, more fascinating beauty. The land glitters in its robe of green, a haze of blue covers the entire

ocean, and one marble structure next to the other gleams in pure white. But this triad of colors is buried under the cascades of wildest variegated colors which seem to cover every foot of earth, seem to pour down on us from every crevice in the rocks, from every branch of every tree. The very air seems to be dyed with these same rich hues and playing the glorious colors of the setting sun, draws a mantle of harmonious splendor about the city below—this city of curious con-



In Kabylic, Algiers.

traditions. The broad, sober quays, straight as an arrow, the boulevards built in the spirit of Hausmann, the new quarters in which a startlingly distorted *nouveaux-art* predominates, the Arabian quarters, for the human eye impenetrably massive conglomeration, the fortifications of Kasbah crowned with walls, the widest places and the narrowest slums into which the sun never shines, everything that otherwise appears white and gray and monotonous, is now arrayed in splendor as if it were really possible that spring could make



Mosque Sidi-Abderhaman, Algiers.

even dead walls, decayed stones bloom. Purple tinted and gold-rimmed sails are quickly flying past. Smoke-stacks and masts in the harbor below seem as if worked of the finest metals, each single rope seems of colored silk. Red, yellow, violet, the heavens are burning in flames which a light breeze is driving towards the city, behind which a wall of purple clouds is rising. With one miraculous throb all the glittering treasures have risen to the surface of the waters which since thousands of years have been buried in their deepest depths. It seems as if they were trying to darken the sun with their quivering lustre, the sun now dipping into the same waters, its lowest rim like melted gold. But nothing whatsoever can decrease the splendor, the color charm of the flowers still sparkling even in the quickly approaching dusk with that power all their own which needs neither aerial images, nor borrowed, reflected lights and shadows to be fabulously, fascinatingly beautiful.

Excluding Mustapha superieure which in its style can be considered as complete, Algiers seems like a veritable triumph in "a little of everything." The European quarter which shows the painfully orderly soberness of a well-governed seaport, next to a provincial imitation of all that is "Parisian," is swarming with Arabs, Moors, Turks, Spaniards, Jews, who seem to have stepped from the Old Testament, in all the variety of thir Oriental garbs. These, too, to a certain extent, have lost their nationalism. Particularly among the Arabs something akin to "swells" have sprung into existence. Among the wealthy we frequently find costly and sumptuous fabrics, coquettishly draped, together with very conspicuous colors. In the evenings when we see these sitting about in "Cafes," in the finest hotels, flirting or parading on the Corso, their breasts adorned with decorations, their garb appears more like a costume which has lost its right of existence and can come into consideration merely from an ornamental point of view. In their ideas just these better classes have become a critical cross between East and West upon whom there can be little reliance in any direction. The throng of people in the streets of Algiers, especially on holidays, leaves little room for dissatisfaction on the part of ob-

servers. In vain we seek the originality and primitiveness which in Tangiers we meet at every step. Like well drilled figurants to whom the task has been assigned to act their own part, these masses throng through the streets in which to a great extent not even one single stone has been left as a landmark of this past. Even in this very "halfness" it is still a truly fascinating picture in which the motion is amply provided for through the dramatic agility of hands and fin-



Tomb of a Marabout, Algiers.

ger-tips. Every now and then soldiers appear, from the native Zouaves to the Cavalry, whose marvelous boot-trousers figure in so many operettes and vaudevilles. At last the civilians become visible, men and women, with a decidedly imitated splendor of French elegance. The women reveal a unmistakable tinge of that easy placidity which they have learned from their Oriental sisters. These are still veiled without really being so—only just sufficient veil to retain the picquancy of the forbidden. Moreover with their large, tired eyes they examine the richly laden, well decorated show-windows with the same expert thoroughness as the African-Algerian-Parisian.

It is assuredly interesting that the best examples of

Arabian art in architecture are standing close together in the heart of the European quarter. We are almost astonished to find that at least some of these, above all the two principal mosques, have remained absolutely untouched. Two towers have been added to a third mosque which in its construction is by far the finest, thus transforming it into a cathedral, though each single nook and corner loudly demonstrates against its present designation. The interior is marvelously decorative and its almost chaste marble arabesques, its ornamented and scrolled texts belonging to a totally different faith, stand in such decided contrast to the magnificent pomp of a high mass which the Archbishop is celebrating with grand ostentation to roaring, almost operatic music. We see halberdiers in gold glittering uniforms carrying their majestic weapons, canons in costly, embroidered vestures, the long rows of choir boys in their red and white surplices. About everything hovers the uncertain, mysterious dimness of strong clouds of incense rising, rising to the organ where they seem to scatter, as if torn asunder by the power of the tones.

The Archbishop, with the fine mild head of a patriarch, a white flowing beard soft as silk, with the characteristic dignity and enlightenment of his movements, truly appears as a sort of higher being amidst surroundings where there is too great a display of external faith to leave much room for the internal and true. The service being ended, the entire mass of people move down the steps of the cathedral across the small square leading to the residence of the Archbishop, formerly the place of an Arabian dignitary. A dense crowd hems the way in the hope of winning the blessings the prelate is bestowing, of kissing the hand he is holding out to every one. Passing from the twilight which reigns in the interior of the church to the glaring African sun which draws such marvelously sharp outlines, the entire spectacle loses even more of its religious dignity, just as much as it gains in color splendor and theatrical effect. Later when we stand on the large mosque, one of the oldest as well as one of the most artistic Mohammedan structures, its principal ornament being the long, seemingly endless rows of column-pairs joined

by the horseshoe arches—we realize that this is a totally different religious picture. Here and there between these dazzling white pairs of columns Mohammed's faithful stand in deep prayer. In the extraordinary perspective of a space, disappearing into mysterious space, each one at prayer produces the impression as if he were the center of a worship full of the deepest humility, endless subjugation to the will



Street Scene, Algiers.

of a higher being. When they fall down and touch the ground with their forehead, when with their arms stretched out they seem to embrace something invisible, when cowering, praying, they lie upon the sacred carpets like beings who in the feeling of their own impotence seek protection in the debasement of self—they seem to be the humble, almost to self-annihilation, humble servants of a God whom they love without doubting but perhaps, too, without the understanding for His grandeur, merely out of implicit obedience to the word which His prophet preached to them.

The old city seems to crawl and climb to the ancient fortress which crowns the hill. Streets, chaotic and bewildering, without light and air, wrapped in shadows which fit so well to the dirt which covers them, to the putrid smells which stream together from all these intertwined narrow kennels. So-called streets are lined with walls which would long have crumbled despite the small space separating them if strong beams did not maintain the distance. Next to decaying rocks stand artistic old gates and isolated pillars which here truly speak of bygone glory. Obscure by-streets run into a magnificent court where we can not even detect the slightest trace of the palace to which it formerly belonged. Then again long rows of walls and nothing but walls into which hollows and recesses have been cut, just large enough to accommodate a small stock of goods and a human being, the latter in such crooked, distorted positions as only an Oriental can master. We see beggardly pieces of meat, at the same time play-ground for the boisterous flies, bunches of onions and leek, small piles of fresh vegetables, shoes, metal work, silks and velvets, perfumes and salves, ornaments and jewelry, veils and fabrics, carpets and webbing, fruits and cakes, piled next to and above each other in one grand pell-mell—and everywhere crouching, smoking, playing or musing figures, clothed in dirty white or dust-gray, sitting in front of or in the center of their goods, sometimes as if grown together with the very decay and crumbling of their entire surroundings.

As if in sheer irony almost at every step we find long-winded instructions by the French authorities regarding cleanliness, removal of rubbish, sanitary matters, all of which no one can read, no one can understand and certainly no one has the intention of obeying. More gliding and sliding than walking, veiled women appear from side paths or quickly opened gates, only with a shy glance, to disappear again. Even they with very few exceptions, lack all charm, all fascination of coloring. With noise and bustle the swarm of peddlars, water-carriers and beggars are crowding through street so narrow that those who meet must draw in their elbows in order to pass one another. The difference between the new city and the better portions of the Arabian quarters



Cathedral in Algiers.

quickly becomes obliterated. We can almost count the days until this, too, will become monotonously leveled. We realize this fact almost without regret. For if Orientalism is robbed of its colors, its magnificent light and splendor which occasionally idealized even the very dirt, if not much more remains than this same dirt in all its unsentimental horror. if a race degenerates because it has intentionally been forced to relax its inherited customs, its traditional habits without having been given even the slightest understanding for the other Western civilization—it is absolutely immaterial what course this process takes. Eventually not much more of the old, formerly so famous Arabian quarters of Algiers will remain, as must needs be retained to present to those strangers who believe and have faith in everything shown them, as an exhibition of costumes and decorations of the “unadulterated” Orient.



Arabian Cemetery.

VI.

¶ *Monte Pellegrino, the Protean Guardian of Palermo—Walls of Jewels, Columns of Gold—The Court of the Benedictin Monastery in Monreale—Smiling Life in a Decaying Cloister Court—A Busy Day on the “Hohenzollern”—Imperial Flowers for the American Ladies—The Emperor’s Ensign—A Glowing Farewell Greeting.*

Like a vigilant, defiant, enormous guard Monte Pellegrino stands before the city of Palermo. Wherever we may be, wherever we may come from or go, from land or sea, this mountain of many shapes and forms seems to control the entire picture. As diverse as are its adjuncts, as much as its lines seem to be a collection of all well-known mountain formations, as a whole, we remember it as something absolutely original, extraordinary. Behind it, surrounding and embracing the city in graceful curves, are greening hills, charming hills and hills with a serious aspect, as here or there we may have seen them before, perchance have even loved. Their importance, however, is merely that of being decorative accessories—no more; their purpose seems to be solely to form a frame for the Sicilian capital, a city which seemingly has not received even half the appreciation it deserves.

Beyond a doubt Palermo as a city can more than stand the comparison with Naples. This also as far as its picturesque and unusual location are concerned. For undoubtedly we are predisposed in favor of Naples, merely out of habit and obedience to the traditions sanctioned by the poets of all ages—according to my opinion, infinitely more than it deserves. If we rob Vesuvius of the clouds of smoke it puffs and puffs, sometimes with greater sometimes with less force, as well as of the wierdly fascinating thought of all the hor-



Palermo.

rors it may still perpetrate, and consider it purely from the point of view of a mountain formation, it can stand absolutely no comparison with its intimate colleague Aetna, and assuredly not with the protean, multiform guardian of Palermo, Monte Pellegrino.

Those who approached the city from the sea, perchance later to look down upon it from the heights of Monreale, will have made the satisfactory experiment that the view from above, as well as below, presents an equally fascinating picture. The broad curve of its sea front—which seems for all the world as if sketched by the hands of an artist—continues in proportionally larger dimensions in the group of mountains enclosing a valley, of semicircular shape, and teeming with luxuriant fruitfulness, which seems almost caressingly to enter the very streets of the city.

Fortunately, we are frequently interrupted in the contemplation of Palermo elegance, one of straight lines, hence truly uninteresting, by monuments of architecture and art, which remind us that four races, equally famous for their advanced civilization—the Grecian, Roman, Saracen and Norman—took part in the work of building up this ancient commercial city. Of the classical spirit, to be sure, little more than traces are left. But what the Norman exquisite sense of colors could glean from the Arabian wonderful sense of forms, more correctly speaking, perhaps, to what marvelous combinations two so fundamentally different branches of art could be and were melted together, we can see, learn to understand and appreciate nowhere better than in the Dome of Monreale, or in the Capella Palatina in the Palazzo Reale.

If the Dome completely carries us away and affects us more powerfully through what at the first glance appear to be absolutely bewildering dimensions of the main isle, the enormous size bordering on hugeness of the Mosaic portraits, the entire charm of this glittering art of inlaid bits falls upon us when we enter the Capella Palatina, where not one nook can be found which is not glistening in golden, deep-hued, fabulous colors. The thousand and one other treasures harbored in this chapel, carved or chisel work, columns of choicest fantastic, ornaments revealing the Oriental's whole profound

joy in beautiful forms, all these we must almost learn to notice, step for step, so completely are we held under the spell of this all-commanding Mosaic picture. Here we learn to understand descriptions we have read of walls built of jewels, of golden columns, fabulous animals still showing that paradisiacal variety and diversity of colors lost to this other world with the fall of man. Even Nature in her robe of spring



The Cathedral, Palermo.

seems dull and unattractive when we pass into the street bewitched and blended by a world of particles full of that studied, well-conceived splendor created by human beings, human hands alone.

How totally different is the effect of the same art when it is used solely as a supplementary part, only as ornament not as purpose, and end in itself. Its application for purposes of adornment appeared in two excellent examples. The court of the Benedictin monastery in Monreale contains a wealth of column pairs, on which to a great extent the same Mosaic

motives have found expression. Inexhaustible in the variety of their details are those in a beautiful corner of the court, where low murmuring water is gurgling from an old Moorish fountain. An imagination strongly inclining to symbolism has chiselled whole chapters of biblical and contemporary history into some of these capitals, but adorned the shafts with ornaments which, through their infinitely stronger fas-



Monreale.

cination, involuntarily decrease the more discreet charm of these annals of history in stone. The inner square of the court is covered with a luxuriant growth of flowers, as closely grown together and as diverse in their coloring as is each single particle of Mosaic. With the mild blue of a peaceful sky as roof, everything here breathes calm, peace and contemplation. If the inevitable talkativeness of the guide did not frequently almost rudely break into the spell of this idyl, we could readily imagine ourselves transported for hours and hours into a time long passed by when the keen enjoyment of observing and seeing were still acknowledged as arts in themselves.

Even this cloister court seems loud, not to say obtrusive, to us when, somewhat later, we stand in that of the Chiesa di S. Giovanni degli Eremiti. Here nature herself seems to have undertaken the task of continuing, with constantly

new inspirations and fabulous profusion, what human hands originally constructed. Undisturbed by care or cultivation, nature greens and grows with that alarming abundance we frequently find in places consecrated to the dead. Dead mortals, dead structures. With her innate elements, creating-effacing-extinguishing nature continues her work. Clefts and crevices she fills with blooming flowers; where she wishes to bring out the particular beauty of a form she draws a



Interior of the Cathedral, Monreale.

mantle, an unbroken mosaic of tenderest green about it. She composes frescoes, creates small columns of flower-like slimmness. All that could remind us of the futility of earthly things, of the pain of death and decay, she decks with her most vivid, animated magic. Rarely can we see more smiling, sunny, fascinating life than pervades this decaying cloister court. So profoundly does this feeling move us that we are loathe to break the peace and quiet of this spot with one

single loud word. Even our guide, a patriarch from the days of Garibaldi, who otherwise cannot praise his dead hero with sufficient fervor and dramatic expression, has learned here to remain quiet, solemnly quiet. Though he doubtlessly has seen this picture thousands of times, he seems to be possessed by something akin to humble reverence for all this new life, which again and again blossoms out of the ruins of this cloister court.

We drop anchor almost abreast of the "Hohenzollern," which, sailing under convoy of the battleship "Friedrich Karl," and the dispatch boat "Sleipner," had entered the harbor the previous evening. Both ships are dressed with flags, and throughout the entire day the exchange of courtesies between the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise" and the imperial squadron was continued, as begun, on a footing of equality. A few moments later we could see a small company, evidently most informally and thoroughly enjoying themselves, swiftly gliding towards land in a launch. The Emperor, dressed in an English sack coat and soft felt hat, is visibly in the best of humor. A smile lights up his handsome, sunburnt face, and he almost seems to be the fourth of the three slim, well-built young princes with whom he is so animatedly speaking. The Empress looks remarkably well and as fresh as a rose. Her beautiful white hair gives her a truly youthful appearance, so strongly does it contrast with her clear, florid complexion and her sparkling eyes. A true picture of a happy family taking a vacation with the principal aim and purpose of deriving as much pleasure therefrom as possible. Aside from the representative duties and the high politics which continually played into the imperial trip, nothing was left undone which could afford keen enjoyment to the Emperor as man.

We are rowed to the "Hohenzollern," where the officer on duty receives us with the cordiality characteristic of these sea diplomats, who are always, and must always be, prepared for anything and everything. The Emperor is enjoying excellent health, his voice is completely intact, and, as always, he holds divine service on board. He receives and returns visits of many hours' duration, and carries on very animated

conversation with many of his guests. The greater portion of the governmental affairs are being settled on board, and the Emperor shows not even the slightest trace of fatigue. Herewith all rumors again reporting the Emperor's health to be in a serious and very critical condition are or should be dispelled.

That all this was not merely an official bulletin but facts,



Cloister, Court S. Giovanni degli Eremiti, Palermo.

based on the truth and nothing but the truth, we had ample opportunity to observe in the course of the day. It was certainly amusing, to say the least, to follow the proceedings on the "Hohenzollern" from our splendid decks. At about eleven o'clock the Emperor returned and changed his clothes, a process he repeated several times during the day, and then appeared on the after-deck as Admiral, with a field-glass under his arm. Here his first occupation was to sign and settle several documents. Then the reception of the official guests began, who, according to rank and dignity, were greet-

ed at the gangway either by the Emperor in person or the officer on duty. Among them was Captain Ruser of the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise," whose communication very evidently afforded His Majesty particular pleasure. For over twenty minutes we could see both gentlemen pacing up and down the deck, for it could certainly not be called walking, with the activity and enthusiasm which people only develop when they have truly interesting matters to tell one another. Not only the successful and satisfactory Mediterranean cruise, but the passengers, too, were the subjects of conversation. As is generally the case, the "Hohenzollern" was open to inspection for the passengers. It was considered and felt as an even greater kindness when, shortly before dinner, an imperial aide-de-camp brought two baskets of most magnificent flowers, and presented them to "the American ladies" with the Emperor's kindest greetings. Those who know our American women can readily imagine that the battle for these imperial flowers was not without spirit. Should His Majesty have been at leisure to observe this skirmish, he would assuredly have received very amusing ideas of the endless fund of enthusiasm and rapture of the feminine America when such a message from the crown is in question.

What is more, several of the American ladies had returned to the yacht with far more valuable trophies, flowers which they had succeeded in capturing directly from the hands of the Emperor. To be sure, only as missiles, and, as a rule, merely as the chance goal of a chance throw. Nevertheless, they remained imperial flowers, and retained their value as such, and, in addition, were a pretty souvenir of the floral procession which the city of Palermo had arranged in honor of Their Majesties, a function, however, which took a totally different course than was to be anticipated of the hot-blooded Sicilians. Primarily, a floral procession consisting of at the most two dozen wreathed carriages; these, to be sure, were, without exception, beautiful and thoroughly artistic. Among the many hundreds of ordinary vehicles riding up and down the Via Macqueda and the Via Liberta in dense columns, these were almost lost, and, if anything, brought the general "prosiness" still more prominently into the fore-

ground. This was doubly astonishing in this time of roses, during which great bunches of these glorious flowers can be purchased for one lira.

The two almost endless chains of people who hemmed the Corso assuredly represented the greater portion of the population. Nevertheless, it was infinitely quieter and stiffer than in the streets of any Northern city. It seems almost impossible to bring this into accordance with what is generally imagined as Sicilian passionateness. Be this as it may, these endless masses of well-dressed, incessantly talking beings, to whom no joke seemed too harmless, no opportunity too insignificant to enjoy a hearty laugh, presented an equally festive and picturesque spectacle. There was an abundance of remarkably pretty girls with the certain glowing eyes which seem to express so endlessly much even when they wish to express absolutely nothing. Infinitely fonder of flirting are the men, who, moreover, use this talent to a degree and with an impudence which eventually causes us to smile, whether we are so inclined or not. As a rule, there is so little harm meant in their staring, their original and particular form of compliment; but to strangers it seems an insult, until they become accustomed to it, as well as to the eloquence of their hands, each finger of which can be an ardent rhapsodist.

Until late in the afternoon the Palermians were forced to supply their own amusement and entertainment. Then the approaching cavalry and an increased police force indicated that the guests of honor were already under way. Very soon we were able to establish this fact, for from afar a cavalcade approached, not only in a thoroughly original, but a very picturesque manner. Up to that time but very few flowers had been thrown, as every one held their entire supply in reserve for the imperial carriages. Now from right and left a veritable hail of gayest flowers poured down upon the guests, forming something akin to a triumphal arch through which the vehicles must wend their way. The imperial couple had very large baskets of flowers in their carriage, sufficient ammunition to enable them to take up the battle with any and every one. Particularly the Emperor, with untiring energy, threw bunch after bunch into the carriages as well as to the thou-

sands standing densely crowded together. Where and whenever he saw women's hands outstretched to him, he at least attempted to comply with their mute request. As his carriage proceeded very slowly, it was an easy task for the Emperor to leave a veritable "Siegesallee" of beautiful women behind him as he passed along. More vivaciously, more enthusiastically, about in proportion to the difference in years, the



Sicilian Cart, Palermo.

princes, immediately following in their carriage, took up the battle with Palermo. Occasionally the skirmish became so animated that a most unceremonious exchange of these perfumed compliments, which they threw at one another's heads, ensued.

The first guests for the court dinner were arriving at the "Hohenzollern," and at the same time the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise" was preparing to put to sea. Cheer after cheer, "Hoch der Kaiser!" was sent across the short span of water separating the two ships. Then, but a few moments before we weighed anchor, the entire imperial squadron flamed up in shining, glittering outlines, the Emperor's ensign heaved into sight drawn in colored lights. Very, very slowly we turn out of the harbor. All around us the music sounds and re-

sounds, echoes and re-echoes on every ship. The sailors and all those of the crew not on duty are standing on the fore part of the deck, responding to the tireless farewell cheers of the Americans, who so unexpectedly had experienced an imperial day in Italy with all its sensations. We are riding ahead at full steam. Almost more quickly than we can follow mountain after mountain disappears into the night. Only Monte Pellegrino is still visible, standing before the glittering city of Palermo like a vigilant, defiant, enormous guard. Then a row of ships, built to their very mastheads of warm, glowing light. Above them flutters, heaving into sight and as if put together of glorious jewels, the Emperor's ensign.



Tarantella Dancers

VII.

¶ *Entering the Harbor of Ajaccio—Napoleon Monuments—Interior Studies in the Mansion of the Bonapartes—The Bedroom of “Madame Mère”—Napoleon’s Vision of Approaching Pomp and Splendor.*

In entering the harbor of Ajaccio even before the city itself, the new quarter for strangers becomes visible and shows that advancement has made these shores, upon which formerly rested the ill-fame of inhospitality, to a rival of the Riviera whose importance can by no means be ignored. We see primarily that well-known type of hotel and villa, built with the idea of as much light and air as possible. Particularly that type which appears even more cheerful the more it disappears amidst garden green, forest green and mountain green. All the façades are turned towards the south, the birth-place of the mild, recuperative breezes, the spot offering the most tempting panorama. First we see a glorious chain of mountains with crests of snow. Then meeker summits, their white crowns no longer perfect in their glitter, show that here it has been but fleeting glory. The majestic self-conscious mountain kings, in the full dignity of their everlasting snow are undauntedly looking straight at the sun which is wrapping the deep blue shadows about them, glorious shadows which can be born of the light only in those heights. Many of the mountain tops are still sleepily nestled deep in the clouds through which the sun they are hiding, is sending its first rays. A light breeze is slowly driving mist and haze across the skies, thus constantly revealing an inexhaustible wealth of new forms and shapes. A second chain of mountains towers high up in the heavens, from crown to base, sparkling, glittering glaciers. Small shining lakes with glaring icy shores are embedded in their crests. Unap-

proachable and unsurmountable for all who do not understand and cannot climb to the summits of these clouds on paths or ladders built by the imagination. In this world of phantasy we find prairie-lands of a sober, melancholy gray, listlessly gliding on their way, cloud castles and fortresses, their gigantic pinnacles and towers of an almost audacious wildness, and whole cities, their dome-shaped houses lying closely, closely together.

The island-city Ajaccio is built far out into the harbor on a peninsula tapering to a sharp point. In the course of time its Quais have become decidedly modernized and we must walk through the glorious avenue of palms leading to



Harbor View of Ajaccio.

the monument of the First Consul in order to reach the Ajaccio of the Bonapartes. But then we wander and delve in remembrances which have retained not only an inherent historical, picturesque and artistic value, but above all are a complete and true picture of the times they stand for. That with comprehensible pride the Corsicans have brought all and every point to which any, even the slightest, connection with the Dynasty can be traced, into the most conspicuous prominence, is but natural. That there is no lack of Napoleon monuments almost goes without saying. The one erected in honor of the First Consul, standing amid palms grown to an enormous height since those days, is perhaps the most majestic and dignified, even though the unavoidable theatrical costume effect is strongly apparent which must necessarily result when modern people are put in togas. Infinitely more strongly does this feeling take possession of us when we stand opposite the family monument raised on the Place du Dia-

mant by Napoleon the Third in honor of the great and first Napoleon and his brothers. The Emperor as imperator is proudly mounted on a steed, there is little or no resemblance, the sculptor having deprived him of his shortness of stature. The four brothers, on side pedestals, are standing erect, also clad in togas and holding the insignias of Roman dignitaries. The entire monument is splendidly situated facing the open sea and is not uninteresting, at least purely from the standpoint of a piece of sculpture. But we cannot resist the feeling of mirth which overcomes us at the thought of the "Romans" Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte. The "little Cor-



Rue Bonaparte, Ajaccio.

poral," too, looks infinitely better and more at home in his stereotype pose of the keen-sighted god of battles, as he appears in the Hotel de Ville.

The oldest portions of the city, lying between the Rue Fesch and the Cathedral, have remained so well preserved that even to-day we can easily imagine them as the scene of action of those events which constitute the great past of Ajaccio. The costumes to be sure and the show windows have changed. Whether to their advantage, primarily as regards the former, we can unfortunately not answer affirmatively. Walking through the Rue de Lettizia we look for the house of the Bonapartes with unconcealed suspense. Judging by its plain facade, lacking all ornament, we could readily pass by without deeming it more than the simple home of some unassuming citizen. The interior shows us, the very moment we enter the first room, that the Royal Councillor,

Assessor of the city and province of Ajaccio, later member of the Counsel of the Twelve, Carlo Bonaparte, was not merely one of the most esteemed but one of the wealthiest members of this community.

With the birth and death houses of famous men, "there is no telling." Many do not show us much more than the piety reflects which is in us, which we bring with us. Others present such characteristic, true pictures that involuntarily our imagination becomes the stage for those other scenes they logically suggest and enliven. Then the true scene of action before us, we see things probably not exactly as they were, but at least as they easily might have been. Each nook and corner, the entire house of the Bonapartes, lives. A shaky spinet stands in the corner of the music room. The chair belonging—an invalid with a broken fourth leg—still stands beneath it as a scrupulous housewife might have placed it to hide this, for the moment irreparable damage, from her guests. The sofa and broad, straight-backed chairs are upholstered with heavy brocade of a yellow and red pattern. A large tin cup is standing on the table, painted with very bright-colored flowers, a piece which in its day possessed the value of distinction. Above the marble fire-place hangs a large mirror, we can imagine, almost see, the boy Napoleon sitting there listening to the playing of "Madame Mère."

The adjoining chamber was the working room of his father. The windows look into a small, charmingly arranged court-garden. A beautiful chest inlaid with colored marble probably aroused the curiosity and interest of the intelligent boy just as the old Venetian chandelier must have seemed to him as the glittering symbol of the distinction of his house. One step further and we stand in the bed-room of the proud mother—Lettizia. Against the wall rests a broad, gray bed adorned with painted flowers. It is quite superfluous to waste our sentimental thoughts upon it for the great Napoleon was born on the small narrow couch—the mother had requested that she be carried there when she felt that her hour had come. Perhaps it was because she did not wish her agonized glances to fall on the bipartite mirror crowning the fire-place right opposite her bed. Next to it hangs an ex-

cellent portrait of this famous woman. We at once recognize the remarkable resemblance with the son, particularly striking in the case of the eyes. Only that the, in later years firm, stern, commanding and tyrannical expression of his face is replaced by one of endless softness and sweetness in that of Lettizia. As a young lieutenant the resemblance may still have been greatest, in the days when he returned to this home to enjoy his leave of absence. Days when he comfortably settled in his old sleeping room with its broad, plain



Main Street, Ajaccio.

bed, the spacious bureau and a night-table almost too dainty for a warrior. How often may he have thrown coat and sword on this bed, himself next to them, then in the peaceful safety of his home, undisturbedly to abandon himself to the dreams of his immeasurable ambition. Perchance he even softly opened the door which led into the large ball-room, so admirably suited to awaken the first visions of approaching pomp and splendor. The long walls are decorated with beautiful gilded mirrors to which sconces are affixed. The furniture covered with yellow, imperial yellow satin, stands in perfect order between the broad windows. Bronze figures ornament the console-tables and above them hang mirrors exceptionally costly for those times.

Everything was held strictly in the style of the "Directoire" with a heavy elegance suited to the seriousness of that period. Surely more than once in this room, to the tones of stiff, pompous music and amidst the beautiful women with which the house of Napoleon and its kin were so richly blessed, the Corsicans with all their cunning and wildness

planned conspiracies and revolutions. Beyond a doubt more freely, intimately and intensely in the adjoining smoking room where the gentlemen retired from the dance and their duties as cavaliers, there with passionate head and passionate gestures to create the world anew on their plan. A quaint pendulum clock from Sirest in Paris, in its tireless way ticked the time amidst the commotion of these debates. Four pillars carrying four urns, these supporting a plate on which



Ball-room in the Bonaparte Mansion.

a maiden is kneeling pouring oil into a sacrificial lamp of the most beautiful curves. A broad, cheerfully grinning sun constitutes the pendulum.

In the dining room, which is almost as spacious as the saloon, the refreshments were undoubtedly served—rows of bottles, of course, containing heavy French wines and the blood-red ones of the native soil. Against the wall stands a couch with four settees adorned with several stray pillows. The chairs are perhaps more comfortable than was con-

sidered quite the proper thing in those days. A large inlaid chest probably served as sideboard, and we can almost see all the nobility of Corsica crowding around it, who considered an invitation to the house of the Bonapartes a great honor and distinction. In one of the corners of this cosy, comfortable room young Napoleon may have stammered his first declarations of love to his beautiful cousins or the friends of his sisters, a love to become as tyrannical and inconsiderate as the entire man. Most vividly we can picture Lettizia walking among her many guests, already in those days with the dignity of an Empress mother and proudly looking upon her children who through the generous mood of the one, the peerless one, should each attain their little thrones.



Corsican Types.



Entering the Blue-Grotto on a Stormy Day.

VIII.

¶ *Capri the Island of Strong Contrasts—Hovering
Amidst Fabulously Welded Tiffany Glass—Beauties
Without Commentaries—From Goletta to Tunis—
The Brown Sons of a Brown Land—A Wound
Which Can Never Heal—High Priests of the
Bazaar City of Tunis.*

Very soon after the Capri pilgrim has lost sight of that well-known panorama of the Bay of Naples in whose praise and eulogy all available words have long been exhausted, the most poetical phrases have been hackneyed, the rocky shores of Sorrent rise up before him. In the background stands a chain of mountains showing several rejuvenations of the conical peak of Vesuvius. In the deep indentation of a mountain ridge and visible from far, far away, appears a church with two stately towers. Then, we see a street, running towards the same ridge, like a deep furrow in the ground. Of the small villages bordering it we get but a glimpse of roofs, for the houses are as if carefully hidden behind the dense crowns of orange and lemon trees. The dark stone-pines seem to stand there like so many spreading umbrellas, ready to protect and screen this smiling land from any danger that could threaten it.

Suddenly and unexpectedly the steep walls of rock almost spring into sight and on their sloping terraces we first see the many large hotels of the place, then the town lying further inland. It seems to have buried itself in its greening walls. Galleries have been cut, steps hewn and artificial buttresses built into the colored rocks. Frequently we are in doubt whether to tender more admiration to the natural foundation of this fortress-like construction or to the cleverness of the human beings who knew so well to utilize it for

their own practical purposes. As seen from the water all that rises above this precipice appears like a single, boundless garden. The light green of the grape vines, the silvery sparkle of the olive leaves, the deep, velvety, shining color of the orange and lemon trees, seem like a costly fabric into



Marina Grande, Capri.

which, with a thousand golden threads, the heavy burden of the fruits has been embroidered—then blossoms of every kind and sort, promiscuously and confusedly strewn about like the inspirations of a fanciful imagination—small spots of color of totally different hues and tints.

We glance at Capri now revealing a side-perspective best characterized as an almost false, misleading bulletin. Behind, or more precisely above, these wildly romantic towers of rock built up of blocks of the most massive forms, above these rugged walls apparently agglomerated by a single blow, we would scarcely surmise the charm Capri really possesses. We strike innumerable similarly strong contrasts on the isl-

and. They arise primarily from the fact that a landscape picture of a Norwegian seriousness is joined, more correctly grown, to another most adequately described with the words "full of a blooming joyousness." Another contrast arises when deceptive Capri at first presents but a narrow row of squalid houses, houses appearing as if pasted to the sharp edge of a rock whereas the town is so completely hidden in a square of surrounding hills that we must almost enter to notice it. On the Grande Marina, the landing-place, we stand face to face with buildings so completely grown together that with all their crooked arches, slanting walls, deep-



Capri.

set windows, the crude, broad wooden gates, they seem like one old ruinous, dilapidated castle.

With incomprehensible speed the small, short-legged horses rush up the mountain road leading to Capri. As particular characterization they proudly wave a long pheasant feather on their heads. Reaching a certain point on this high-

way, both sides of the beautiful island, both sapphire blue seas washing its shores, are lying before us. The rockland becomes visible, and we see its transformation into a veritable gardenland from which with almost conscious gracefulness the houses arise. Between them wander human beings who have become fully aware of their artistic value. How true to themselves they may be in the months during which they live for themselves, the stranger is unable to imagine. For us every



Marina Piccola, Capri.

gesture is a studied pose, wherever a possibility presents itself they form into living pictures, poorly arranged ones at that. We must constantly keep in mind that not the men and women, but the country they cultivate, constitutes the charm of Capri. This is our only protection, preventive against letting this entire crowd, from beggar to queen of the town, spoil the charm of our mood.

We are rowed to the Blue Grotto in small boats. It is

almost symbolical that shortly before reaching the entrance we must, as though in admiration, lay prostrate in the bottom of the boat, not to rise again until we are in the very center of this wonder. That heathen primitive races would have connected a religious cult with this phenomenon of nature, we may assert almost with certainty. The Italians who have become almost barbarously practical, have endeavored even here to take advantage of Mother Nature and have painted the entire chasm a charming light blue.

The first impression we receive is something akin to hovering amidst a fabulously uniformly welded Tiffany glass in which we are moving, floating onwards in some mysterious manner. An absolutely crystal-clear blue fills the entire space—a single motion and it glimmers and glitters like mother-of-pearl. Wrapped about us is shadowless light falling on the surface of the waters which seem but a continuation of the same resplendent rays of color. Far, far in the background we see boys whose bright skin seems to be covered as



Capri.



City Gate, Tunis.

with a radiant enamel of jewels. Where they shoot into the waters—divers, who in the only too well known manner are jumping for pieces of money—leave sparkling traces behind them. When they return safely with their booty and joyously shake the water from their smooth bodies it seems as if an unexampled squanderer were recklessly throwing away a handful of glittering sapphires. Each stroke of the oars produces odd, fantastic sounds in the relatively small grotto. But it is quite possible that in our unconscious excitement we hear sounds and see things which do not exist. So probably each one in his way will experience wonders in the Blue Grotto different, new and such as are inconceivable to other mortals, or at least will subsequently recount such. For an expert traveller's education demands that at certain spots on this fair universe they be capable of certain necessary deep feelings and sensations. Then to inflict these upon our fellow-sufferers in the most obtrusive and loudest manner is a matter of that certain tact which people can easily acquire if they

continually keep in mind that out of each phenomenon of nature they should talk at least the value of the entrance fee they were forced to spend.

How glorious, truly glorious, it must be in the Blue Grotto when for one single moment we may be permitted to enjoy its beauties without the commentaries of our fellow visitors only those few can relate who are the especial favorites of luck and the gods.

* * *

From Goletta, the seaport of the city of ruins, Carthage, an artificial canal, averaging 100 meters in depth, leads to the



Mosque Becquia, Tunis.

inner harbor of Tunis. If the weather permits even ships of the draught of the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise" can enter to the very city. Slowly we proceed through the turbid waters, but the pictures unrolling before our eyes along this way, straight as an arrow, are worth and deserve being viewed in quiet contemplation. Whereas the new, pompous cathedral erected by Cardinal Lavigerie in Carthage, constitutes the

one final point of the perspective, it is the six-cornered column of the minaret on the mosque Sidi-Ben-Arous which on the other side, like a stately hand beckoning to us, marks the end of this picture plane. As if grouping about it and seen from far, far away in the narrow frame of the canal, lies Tunis with its thousand roofs, hundred cupolas, slim and square towers pointing out the hallowed houses of God. A great expanse of country lies between the beginning and the end of this perspective. Far in the distance two mountains appear, probably separated by hundreds of miles, but seeming like twin brothers with their uniformly sharp and steep sloping lines. On the right, damp but very fruitful low country interspersed with water veins, spreads out before us. Systems of irrigation partially originating from Punic times, carry the water from mountains, glistening in the blue hazy distance, down to the valley in enormous structures.

A brown country fitting so well to the brown sons of this earth which they plough. Alone or in pairs we see them wandering along the strips of land lying between the canals. Hardly a glance do they deign to bestow on our stately ship. For so many of them it remains the accursed invader who put an end to their days of quiet contemplation and boundless happiness. This broad deep furrow which the *giaours* tore through their sacred lands merely to penetrate still deeper into the white city of a thousand roofs, is in their eyes a wound which can never heal. Others, to be sure, show honest admiration for this wonderful triumph in the art of ship-building and run after us a considerable part of the way. The wind plays with their *bornooes* as with large many-colored wings. Their hands stretched far out and scarcely touching the ground with their bare soles, we could almost mistake the speed of their motion for flying. Sailboats with dirty, diverse colored canvas cross our way. Carefully they evade our ship which can draw the gurgling water so far, far behind it, can form waves even on this sluggish surface. Principally Nubians of the darkest shades are lounging on the decks, their sparkling eyes staring into the eternal nothing. Every motion they make is sluggish and they become furious when the strange ship forces them to see to their sails which

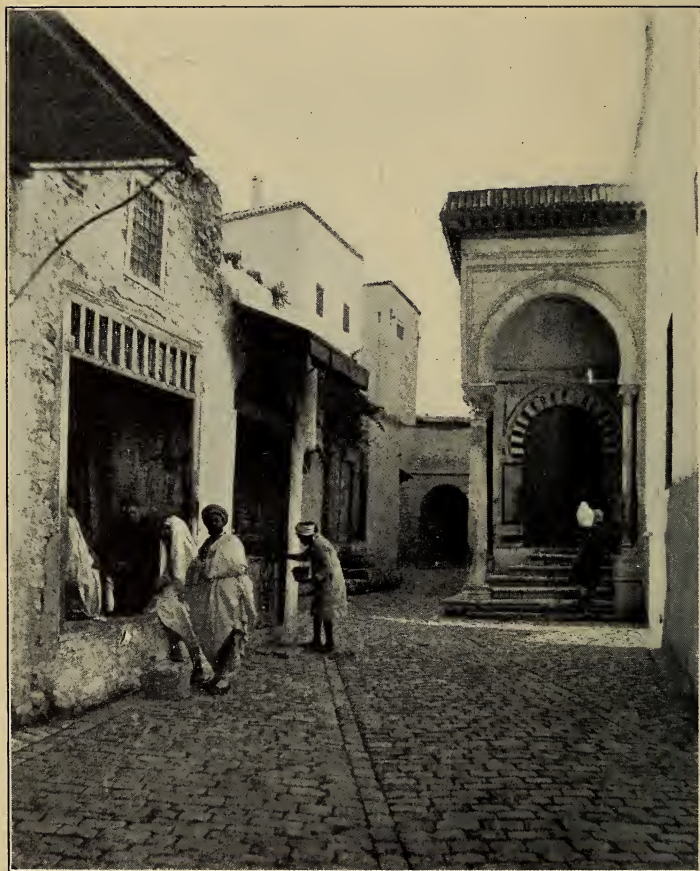
they otherwise abandon entirely to the will of the wind. To the very mountains, as far as our eyes can reach, the villages on this entire stretch lie open before us, uniform through the close proximity of their few streets, but full of picturesqueness. Windmills and palms stand nodding to one another when the light breeze plays with them.

When these Arabian towns are sufficiently close to the water a charmingly noisy crowd of half-naked youths rushes to meet the ship, turn somersaults with their fabulously pliable bodies, or quite literally stand on their head in amazed admiration. Above and about everything that wonderful air receiving its clearness from light so strong that even its shadows appear bright. It dissolves all the colors into their most delicate hues, tints otherwise never seen, and thus produces shades and mixtures, as occasionally, very rarely, highly gifted artists, such as are endowed with true prophetic faculty, display on their palette.

From the center of the Tunis of to-day with its coquettish boulevards, its broad streets through which the electric



Street Scene, Tunis.



A Shop, Tunis.

car and the electric automobile seem to be running a race, its buildings which are supposed to appear modern but are in reality so ordinary and monotonous, we readily go astray into the bazaar-city of Tunis. Its streets are filled with treasures of which not even Sinbad the Sailor could relate. Densely, temptingly and artistically wares are displayed in the large, broad spaces between the pillars constituting the shops, which comprise all and everything generally called Oriental. What distinguishes these bazaars from others is the variety and diversity of their contents, the complete ease of the venders and a certain dignity with which they lead their customers through their shops, wait on them, and if possible dupe them. Certainly Allah is great and if he punishes the *giaour* with sufficient stupidity and sufficient money it is the duty of the faithful to take advantage of both. But here we can learn the difficult art of fleecing our victim without causing him pain. With similar philosophical resignation the shopman changes his system as soon as he realizes that his customer is his equal. Merely in the extent of business transacted lies the great fascination for many of these Orientals. Each sale appeals to them as a difficult game of chess, they feel that they are excellent players, but are ready to lose with good grace should they meet a stronger opponent.

That we divide the sum of their original price into but a fraction of same makes very little or no impression on them. This is an art which even their most certain victims have acquired, to whom after a single expert glance, they only state such prices from the very beginning which can stand almost any reduction. Those customers who are able to argue about an article with interest and a true understanding and appreciation for its artistic value, an article which by the way they have not the least intention of purchasing, only in the proper psychological moment, suddenly to bring another into question upon which they had seemingly previously not even bestowed a single glance, and finally to make a decided offer and as a rule to gain their end and—the article. These are the transactions which excite, fascinate and possibly irritate our friends, the shopkeepers. This psychological

moment sets in when the vender has talked himself into a slightly feverish intoxication and has let the exaltation of his admiration to reach so high a pitch that the irresistible desire takes possession of him to remove the object of all this excitement from his presence. His brain simply reels, his head swims from the magnitude of his own exaggeration and he occasionally so far loses his self-possession that he sells at a loss.

In the larger shops, also lying along these promenades carefully covered with wooden beams, where carpets, hangings, silken and embroidered fabrics, weapons and bronzes, but about all Oriental jewelry of that bizarre beauty which acknowledges no rules of form or color, lines or combinations, are heaped up, a totally different type of shopkeeper presides over his little kingdom. With the phlegmatic but self-conscious dignity of a Keeper of the Great Seal, to begin with, they receive the visitor as a guest. A stranger, moreover, whose blind, unappreciative eyes must be opened, long before he may enter the innermost sanctuary of his temple of goods. With confusing rapidity he is first shown those wares of which the principal fascination lies in the colors. Thus he may be overwhelmed, a bit bewitched, amid the splendor which is as deep as it is brilliant, as sparkling as it is soft. When the first signs of passion appear in his face, the first signs of a desire for possession, time is granted him to see and admire that which has been shown him. And with words which enter his brain like a sweet, tempting poison, he may dimly conceive more than know that this is the one opportunity of his life, the irrevocably only and last chance to purchase a bit of this beauty and glory for his home. But not even now may he purchase. Customers who already buy in this purgatory are worth very little. Only such who are strong enough, possess sufficient power of resistance to plod along and attain the seventh heaven mean a veritable gift of God for the proud owner of these glories. There he cruelly and heartlessly abandons him to his sufferings, the torment, the agony of making a selection, and adding to this the deep repentance of having set our heart and spent our money on things which now seem to us like a terrible,



Arabian Types.

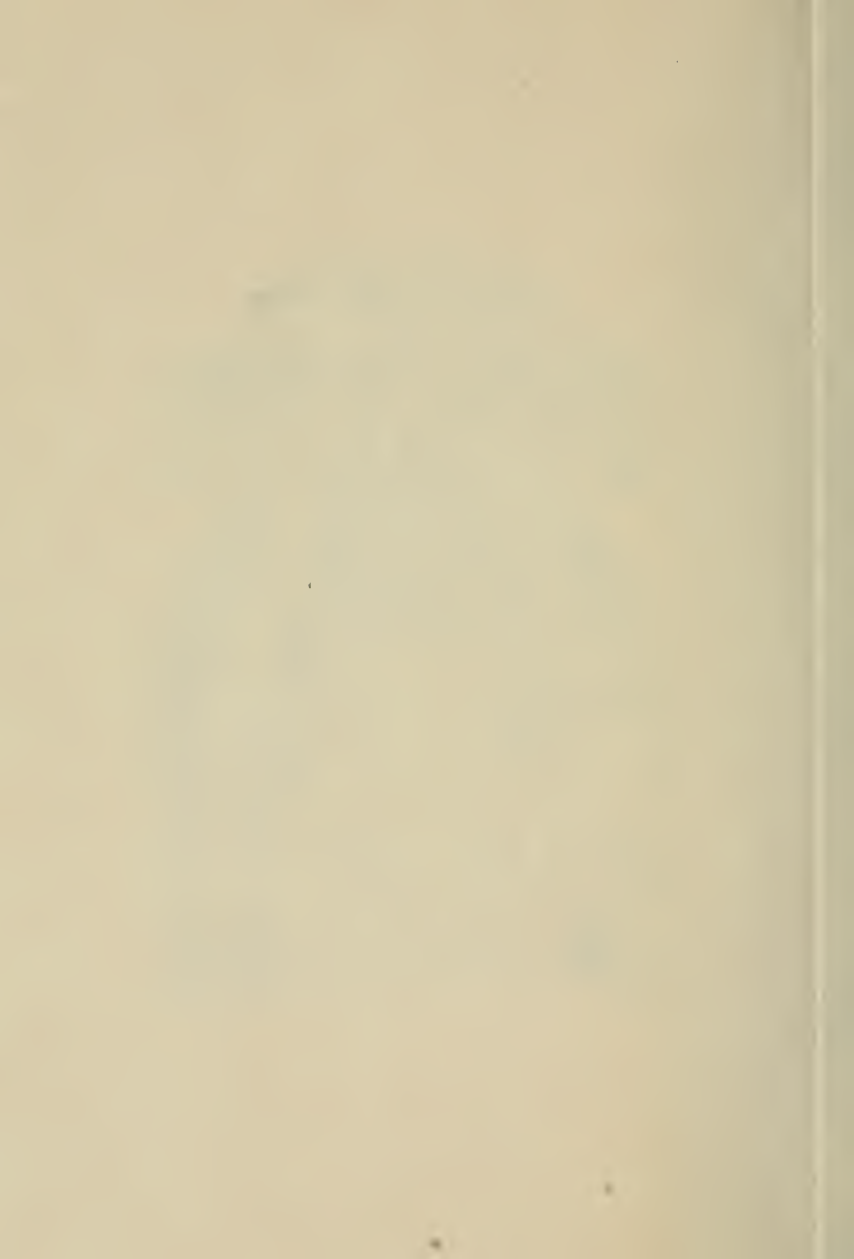
haunting proof of our ordinary, common stupidity in purchasing. Here we do not even bargain, for we quaver before the ironical, sharp glances with which the high priest who is here officiating would punish such presumption. We purchase and pay and deem it a special favor of the gods if we escape their envy unpunished, an envy which we have aroused through the possession of any one of these marvelously exquisite wonders.

Seen in the soberness of the morning after to be sure, the treasure acquired in this way appears sometimes like a good, ordinary article which we can retain without any particular feeling of any kind, can present to some one or if needs be can even lose.









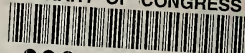




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